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Eng. Poetry vol 60.

S A P P H O.

A R H A P S O D Y.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]



S A P P H O. *k*

A POETIC RHAPSODY.

INSCRIBED,

TO THE FAIR PATRONESS OF

B^{*ath*}-----H E^{*asto*}-----N.

[i.e. Lady Miller]

Nimum ne crude Colori.

L O N D O N :

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MDCCLXXVII.



T O

S A P P H O, &c.

I.

SAY Mistress of the tuneful Nine,
What tribute's due to worth like thine;
Who soaring high on Pæan flight,
Seem Nature's wonder and delight?

II.

Say, shall my raw untutor'd lays
Thy merits scan, thy virtues praise;

Shew

Shew how expiring genius smil'd
And own'd thee, for her native child ?

III.

“ Forbear advent'rous youth, forbear,
“ An humbler theme demands thy care,
“ To bolder pens that task resign ;
“ A——y, the noble task be thine.”

IV.

Thus smiling with celestial ray
Refulgent, spoke the God of day,
His golden tresses beam'd on high,
And with new lustre fill'd the sky.

V.

V.

Hail sacred Fount, thrice sacred hail,
 Matchless Pærean Thee I hail,
 To whom the mystic rites belong,
 Thee I invoke to aid my song.

VI.

And gently gliding Avon thou,
 Best favour'd stream to thee I bow;
 Teach me the happy graceful art,
 To polish and refine the heart.

II.

And as thy placid currents flow,
 Let rude misguided mortals know

How

How mild like Thee to bear the blast,
Nor heed the present nor the past.

VIII.

To Fate's unerring law submit,
That can each anxious pang remit,
Can cause the gushing tear to cease,
And give the restless bosom peace.

IX.

Inspir'd by thee I tune my lays,
And ardent grasp the fancied bays,
Already reach th' enchanted ground
Where love and harmony are found.

X.

Lo—on a sculptur'd marble base
Which oft times Sappho deigns to grace,
Adorn'd by fair and pious hands,
Enthron'd the hallow'd vessel stands.

XI.

Hither ye Bards with rapid wing
Your zealous lucubrations bring ;
Hasten the myrtle prize to gain,
Where merit pleads, nor pleads in vain.

XII.

Oh! halcyon days ! thrice happy age !
How shall the legendary page

B

To

To late posterity proclaim,
That Truth and Sappho were the same?

XIII.

'Tis here fair Science rears her head,
By Wisdom and the Graces led;
'Tis here that Nymphs the palm dispense,
To Ciceronian eloquence.

XIV.

With order rang'd, the sacred band
In deep and pensive silence stand,
Whilst Sappho each-one's praise recites,
Sole Priestesses of the Delphic rites.

XV.

XV.

But ah ! my muse thy homage pay,
And grateful celebrate the day,
When freighted with the precious store,
This casket reach'd BRITANNIA's shore.

XVI.

'Twas on the banks of Tiber found,
Immers'd in consecrated ground,
Where Discord oft his banners spread,
By Faction and the Furies led.—

XVII.

This hallow'd Vase, of right I ween,
Hath oft it's country's champion been ;

To late posterity proclaim,
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XVII.

This hallow'd Vase, of right I ween,
 Hath oft it's country's champion been ;

'Twas hence great TULLY drew his source
Of matchless and resistless force.

XVIII.

When with loud peals the Senate rung,
And music on each accent hung,
When combating in Freedom's cause,
The forum echoed with applause.

XIX.

When Truth divine his lips distill'd,
And ROMAN breasts with rapture thrill'd,
When Faction dropt a sullen tear,
Or busts of plaudits rent the air.

XX.

XX

From hence the Sage his maxims drew,
 From hence the polish'd cadence flew,
 When in the righteous cause he strove,
 The cause——of *Liberty and Jove*.

XXI.

For this the pious patriot bled,
 And Clotho clipt the vital thread,
 His foes unable to repel;
 Thus, *Liberty* and TULLY fell.

XXII.

The Sage's friends his relicks burn,
 And stowe within this hallow'd urn;

To

To kindred foil its charge bequeath,
Crown'd with a never-fading wreath.

XXIII.

Whole ages slept e'er Sappho came,
And catch'd the sympathetic flame;
Through Latian climes his ashes fought,
And safe to E——n's Temple brought;

XXIV.

Where youth and beauty, each combine,
To offer incense at his shrine,
And oft at noon-tide hours to prove
To softest strains, their zeal and love.

XXV.

XXV.

A votive spot the grateful Fair,
His dust assign'd with pious care,
Which by the kindly-teeming earth,
At E——n gave the myrtle birth.

XXVI.

Sweet-scented Tree ! for ever bloom,
And fragrant deck the hero's tomb ;
A brighter Venus claims thee now,
To blossom round the Poet's brow :

XXVII.

For here the Stripling and the Sage,
And ev'ry rank, and ev'ry age,

By

By A——y led in lofty verse,
Sappho, and Sappho's deeds rehearse.

XXIX.

Each bard with emulation fir'd,
By E——n's Delphic tree inspir'd,
In notes of melody declaim,
And join with TULLY, Sappho's name.

XXX.

For me, untaught in wisdom's school,
Who follow simple nature's rule,
Had I but A——y's graceful ease,
Had I like him the art to please,

XXXI.

XXXI.

Then would my proud aspiring muse,
 The *sacred theme* of Sappho chuse,
 Like him I'd sing of Sappho's praise,
 And *envied*, earn the myrtled bays.

XXXII.

But soft ——— a gloomy stillness reigns,
 And 'sudden horror chills my veins,
 As nature paus'd ——— when forth a Sprite,
 Array'd in robes of purest white,

XXXIII.

With hasty step and settled gloom,
 Impatient rush'd ——— his eyes with rheum

C

Were

Were stain'd, his antient locks with gore,
And traits of grief his visage bore.

XXXIV.

Sullen and sad he look'd, and sigh'd,
“ *Mistaken wretch!* the Spirit cry'd,
“ Hence from this scene of *Dullness*, hence,
“ And shun the foes of martyr'd sense.

XXXV.

“ Hasten, e'er rank contagion shed
“ Its baneful vapours on thy head;
“ *Here Dullness reigns* with leaden sway,
“ And Fools and Fops her nod obey.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

- “ Mark yon fantastic frothy tribe,
“ With giggling mirth and wanton gibe,
“ Without *one ray* of merit vain,
“ Compose this dull and motley train.

XXXVI.

- “ Here pension'd Senators exclaim,
“ Without or *blush*, or *grace*, or *shame* ;
“ Their servile souls the word obey,
“ Like *cyphers* stand, for *yea* or *nay*.

XXXVII.

- “ Here *Pseudo-wits* to *Pride* give place,
“ And *Scorn* and *Arrogance* embrace ;

“ And *Envy* and *Detraction* meet,
“ With fulsome grin and curt’fy greet.

XXXVIII.

“ ’Bove *all*, observe yon *stately Dame*,
“ With *Pride* puff’d up, *Conceit* her name ;
“ By *shadows* gull’d, nor *can* desist,
“ But *foremost* stands in *TULLY’s list*.

XXXIX.

“ Nor *ROME*, nor this unhallow’d place,
“ Can boast of *TULLY’s* dust, or *Vase* ;
“ Nor *TIBER*, nor *CAMPANIA’s* plains,
“ *CAJETA* holds my sad remains.

XL.

- “ That *vase* *mifterm’d* was ever fet,
“ No matter how your *Sappho* fret,
“ (’Tis *I* that feel the *keen abuse*)
“ To serve for *diuretic use*.

XLI.

- “ But *Madness* rages through the land;
“ Not *here* alone her *dire command*;
“ *Corruption’s* *smile* hath lull’d the great,
“ And *Vice* and *Guilt* o’erwhelm the State.

XLII.

- “ When *Nature’s* voice no longer sped,
“ *Justice* and *meek-ey’d Pity* fled;

“ In

“ In *better Climes* a *refuge* fought,

“ Where *Freedom's* sons for *Freedom* fought.

XLIII.

“ Then quit a base degen'rate land,

“ Which *groans* beneath *Oppression's* hand,

“ Flying this vile contagious cell,

“ With *Liberty* and *Virtue* dwell.

XLIV.

“ Let *these* thy youthful bosom fire,

“ With zeal for *nobler deeds* inspire ;

“ Or else await, Remorse, Despair.”

—— Then frown'd—and vanish'd into air.

XLV.

XLV.

Farewell ! most *injur'd shade*, farewell !

Let this my ready duty tell ;

May I with *ev'ry ill* be fraught,

If e'er at *Sappho's shrine* I'm caught.

XLVI.

May I—without *one friend* be left,

Of *ev'ry social joy* bereft ;

May what I dread, may these *poor lays*,

Be doom'd to fall by *Sappho's praise* :

F I N I S.



